

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

and of John R. Rice

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20.

An Independent Religious Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Sin, Modernism, and Denominational Overlordship

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Office: 207 So. Beckley St., Phone 6-6888

"The Master Is Come, and Callesth for Thee"—John 11:28

BY JOHN R. RICE, D.D.

(Continued from last week)

IV. God Calls Through Trouble

It is easy to see that God calls people through His Word which says from beginning to end, "Come, come!" God calls certainly through Christian people for He has commanded us to tell others and preach the gospel to every creature. And surely the goodness of God moves every heart that has any gratitude whatever. But it is not so easy to see sometimes that the call of God is in every sorrow and trouble.

Mary and Martha could see no good in the sickness and death of Lazarus. It was the old, old sadness of "It might have been" to their minds. Each of them said, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died" (John 11:21, 32). To them it was unthinkable that Jesus had planned this just so, that He had stayed away when He could have come, but He had rejoiced with His disciples over this opportunity to glorify God. Jesus had said, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby" (John 11:4). Jesus had even said to His disciples, "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe" (John 11:14, 15). Yes, Jesus had holy plans in the death of Lazarus. And Jesus used this sorrow to call to Him Mary and to teach her to trust Him more and to love Him better.

I suppose that Mary would have come at the call of Jesus if she had had no sorrow; but surely she would not have come as quickly nor with such whole-hearted readiness to receive the Word of Jesus. God calls through sorrow those who will not heed His blessings, His bountiful goodness. God calls through sorrow those who do not listen to His Word. God calls through sorrow those who will not heed His other messengers. Blessed be sorrow when it is the Voice of God calling people to Him!

Some eyes will never see the Lord Jesus until tears enough come to wash away the dust of things. Some ears will never listen to the still small voice of God until God stops their machinery and the den of worldly business dies down. Some men are so joined to their idols until God must knock down their idols even as Dagon, the god of the Philistines, was turned from his pedestal one night and the second night had his head and arms and legs broken off when the captured ark of God was left in the idol temple (I Sam. 5:1-4). So many a man who loves his business better than he loves God or even his own soul, will not listen to the gospel until God smites his business. Many a man is so proud and haughty and self-willed that he has no time nor thought for God until God breaks his heart and brings him to open shame. God calls through sorrow and grief, and so reaches many people with His tender invitation who would never otherwise listen to God nor come for mercy and forgiveness and peace.

Joab, David's general, had a barley field. Absalom had sent for Joab again and again, when he was in disgrace over the slaying of his brother. He wanted Joab to carry a message to King David, but Joab would not come. "And

when he sent again the second time, he would not come." But the third time Absalom tried drastic measures. The Scripture says, "Therefore he said unto his servants, See, Joab's field is near mine, and he hath barley there; go and set it on fire. And Absalom's servants set the field on fire. Then Joab arose, and came to Absalom unto his house, and said unto him, Wherefore have thy servants set my field on fire? And Absalom answered Joab, Behold, I sent unto thee, saying, Come hither, that I may send thee to the king..." Absalom gave Joab the message and Joab carried it to the king. (Read II Samuel 14:28-33). Joab

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2)

HANDS AND FEET FOR HIM

Christ has no hands but our hands
To do His work today;
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in His way;
He has no lips but our lips
To tell men how He died;
He has no help but our help
To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible
The careless world will read;
We are the sinner's gospel;
We are the scoffer's creed;
We are our Lord's last message,
Written in deed and word;
What if the type be crooked?
What if the print be blurred?

What if our hands be busy
With other work than His?
What if our feet be walking
Where sin's allurements is?
If our lips be speaking
Of things His lips would spurn,
How can we hope to help Him,
Or hasten our Lord's return?

—Annie Johnson Flint.

The Incomparable Christ

(A TRACT)

He came from the bosom of the Father to the bosom of a woman. He put on humanity that we might put on divinity. He became Son of Man that we might become sons of God. He came from Heaven, where the rivers never freeze, winds never blow, frosts never chill the air, flowers never fade, and no one is ever sick. No undertakers and no graveyards, for no one ever dies—no one is ever buried.

He was born contrary to the laws of nature, lived in poverty, reared in obscurity; only once crossed the boundary of the land, in childhood. He had no wealth nor influence, and had neither training nor education. His relatives were inconspicuous and un-influential.

In infancy He startled a king; in boyhood He puzzled the doctors; in manhood ruled the course of nature. He walked upon the billows and hushed the sea to sleep. He healed the multitudes without medicine, and made no charge for His services. He never wrote a book, yet not all the libraries of the country could hold the books that have been written about Him. He never wrote a song, yet He has furnished the theme of more songs than all song writers combined. He never founded a college, yet all the schools together cannot boast of as many students as He has. He never practiced medicine,

A Christmas Gift in Prison

Some years ago, while conducting a series of meetings in Michigan City, I was asked to preach to the convicts in the State Prison. I sat on the platform with the governor and watched the prisoners march in—700 men, young and old. They marched in lock-step, every man's hand on the shoulder of the man before him. At the word of command they sat down. Among that number there were seventy-six "lifers," men who had been committed to prison for life for the crime of murder.

After the singing I arose to preach, but could hardly speak for weeping. Disregarding all the rules of the prison, in my earnestness to help the poor, fallen men, I left the platform and walked down the aisle among them, taking one and then another by the hand and praying for him. At the end of the row of men who were committed for murder sat a man who more than his fellows seemed marked by sin's blighting curse. His face was seamed and rigid with scars and marks of vice and sin. He looked as though he might be a demon incarnate if once aroused to anger. I placed my hand upon his shoulder and wept and prayed with and for him.

When the service was over, the governor said to me, "Well, Kain, do you know you have broken the rules of the prison by leaving the platform?"

"Yes, governor, but I never can keep any rule while preaching. And I did want to get up close to the poor despairing fellows, and pray for them, and tell them of the love of Jesus, the Saviour. 'He came to seek and to save that which was lost. This man (Jesus) receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.'" (Luke 19:10; 15:2).

"Do you remember," said the governor, "the man at the end of the line in the lifer's row, whom

you prayed with? Would you like to hear his history?"

"Yes," I answered gladly.

"Well, here it is in brief: Tom Galson was sent here about eight years ago for the crime of murder. He was, without doubt, one of the most desperate and vicious characters we had ever received, and as was expected, gave us a great deal of trouble.

"One Christmas eve, about six years ago, duty compelled me to spend the night at the prison, instead of at home, as I had anticipated. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, I left the prison for my home, my pockets full of presents for my little girl. It was a bitter cold morning, and I buttoned my overcoat up to protect myself from the cutting wind that swept in from the lake. As I hurried along, I thought I saw somebody skulking in the shadow of the prison wall. I stopped and looked a little more closely, and then I saw a little girl, wretchedly clothed in a thin dress; her bare feet thrust into a pair of shoes much the worse for wear. In her hand she held, tightly clasped, a small paper parcel. Wondering who she was and why she was out so early in the morning, and yet too weary to be interested, I hurried on. But I soon heard that I was being followed. I stopped, and turned round, and there before me stood the same wretched looking child.

"What do you want?" I asked sharply.

"Are you the governor of the prison, sir?"

"Yes, who are you, and why are you not at home?"

"Please, sir, I have no home; mamma died in the poor-house two weeks ago, and she told me just before she died that papa (that Tom Galson) was in prison; and she thought maybe he would like to see his little girl now that mamma—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

The Burning of The Fundamentalist Baptist Tabernacle, Dallas, Texas

By Dr. W. B. Riley in *The Pilot*

Dr. John R. Rice had arranged for a great Bible Conference in November, with such speakers as Dr. Robert G. Lee of Memphis, Tenn., Dr. R. L. Moyer of Minneapolis, Minn., and Rev. Sam Morris of Del Rio, Texas.

Just a day or two before the conference was to open, the tabernacle was found on fire and was wholly consumed ere the flames could be extinguished. Dr. Rice has never believed in insurance and on that account the loss was total, and it was a frightful blow! But the speakers went to him just the same, and other churches were offered, and the conference was put over in good form. Writing to us concerning Dr. Moyer's part, he said:

"Moyer was a great blessing to us. I think that his teaching and preaching helped much to collect our people in the temporary meeting place, and to comfort all of our hearts through this emotional upheaval and crisis. He made himself very dear to us and we hope to have him again, God willing."

We are happy to hear that a number of people are sending in their aid to Rice in his re-building program. He is eminently worthy; he is a great preacher of a great Gospel!

Pray for Chicago Services

Readers of *The Sword of the Lord* are invited to pray for the Editor John R. Rice in a coming series of services in Chicago. Beginning February 5th, two weeks revival services will be held in the evening at the Salem Evangelical Free Church in Chicago. May God give a real revival to bless Christians and save many sinners.

For one week, Monday through Friday, February 6th to the 10th, the editor will conduct services under the auspices of the Christian Business Men's Committee in the Grand Opera house, one of the largest and best known theatres in the Loop in Chicago, from 12:15 to 1:15 p.m. The service will be broadcast daily from 12:30 to 1:15 over WJJD, Chicago's largest independent outlet, with 20,000 watts power. Mr. Sheriff, Executive Secretary of the Christian Business Men's Committee, estimates that we will reach a normal audience of 250,000 people with the broadcast. Those in the Chicago area who can, we hope will attend. Throughout the nation all who can are urged to tune in on WJJD, 1130 kilocycles.

The second week of the Chicago revival the editor will speak at noon in the mid-day gospel service over WMBI, the Moody Bible Institute radio station, which station is given over altogether to broadcasting the gospel. Brother Wendell P. Lovelace is the radio director.

Without the Lord we can do nothing. May God prepare us and help us to trust Him for blessed results to His own glory. We feel deeply the need for the prayers of those who long to see sinners saved.

God willing, Mrs. Rice will accompany the editor to Chicago. Pastor Ford Porter of the First Baptist Church, Princeton, Indiana, has arranged for the editor to speak one night there enroute.

Assistant Pastor Joe B. Rice will be in charge of all services in the pastor's absence from Dallas. Brother Joe has the hearts of the people, he is a strong spiritual Bible preacher whose ministry has been very successful in Dallas and who is greatly loved by all our people. We expect people saved and the church to be built up, with manifestations of the Spirit's presence in each service. We rely on all our people to be faithful in attendance at the services, in winning souls and in carrying on the work of the Sunday School.

God willing, the editor will be in Dallas for services February 19th.

"DEATH TRAPS"

Sunday Night Sermon of Joe B. Rice, Assistant Pastor, Fundamental Baptist Church Dallas, Texas

Rev. Joe B. Rice will be in charge of all services.

7:30 a.m. Radio WRR.

9:30 a.m. Sunday School. Classes for everybody. We will finish our study of the Gospel of Luke.

11 a.m. Sermon by Rev. Joe B. Rice.

6:45 p.m. Young People's Meeting, and Prayer Service for Adults.

7:30 p.m. Evangelistic service. We ask our friends to pray and bring their unsaved friends.

"The Master Is Come, and Calleth For Thee"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

came when his barley field was set on fire! And you may be sure God knows just where your barley fields are, and sooner or later if you will not hear the call of God's goodness and will not listen to His Word, and will not heed His messengers, God will set your barley field on fire! God will touch the thing you love and will make it so you can no longer ignore Him, if you persist in your indifference. God does call through sorrow.

David said, "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word" (Psalm 119:67). "Sweet are the uses of adversity," says Shakespeare, and the sweetest of all the uses of adversity is that it calls us to God.

We do not like trouble. We shrink from sorrow. We cannot feel that there is any good in suffering. Men have a feeling that suffering is always because God does not love us, or because He is angry with us. But oftentimes God's tender love for us prompts Him to seek our hearts through breaking them.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby" (Heb. 12:11). "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth" (Heb. 12:6). Have you been having trouble? Have you had unemployment, or disease, or poverty, or disappointment, or slander? Then God does not hate you, but He loves you and as tenderly and earnestly as He knows how, God is wooing your heart toward Him. Oh! turn to Him today and listen while He calls. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." As certainly as I sent Martha to call the weeping Mary, Mary with her broken heart, just so surely God is calling you through your sorrow, through your disappointment, through your poverty, through your trouble. God does call through trouble.

Every preacher of the gospel calls to mind hundreds of illustrations of what I am saying, illustrations from his own experience. One day a group of us held a service in the women's department of the Tarrant County jail. It was an unusual time of the moving of the Spirit of God among those poor women. I preached that day on the woman taken in adultery to whom Jesus said when she called Him "Lord," "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more" (John 8:11). I remember the tears of a well dressed woman with refined

face and good English, to whom I talked at some length after the sermon. She wept but she said again and again, "Oh, no! I cannot be a Christian now; not with this disgrace upon me; not until I get outside and make good again!" But I showed her that even here, in the jail, with wicked companions around her, and with disgrace upon her name, God was speaking to her heart. After long hesitation and many tears she did trust the Saviour and two weeks later the matron of the jail sent me word that the woman was out, that she had secured a good job and had started to live out and out for the Lord.

The same day another woman was soundly converted and praised the Lord aloud before the whole group. Again and again she said the strangest thing I ever heard a new convert say, "Thank God I got in jail! Thank God I got in jail!" she said. "I didn't have any sense! I wouldn't listen to Christians, I wouldn't go to church, I wouldn't read my Bible, I wouldn't listen to God and I didn't give God a chance. But God let me get in jail and broke my heart and I got so hungry 'til I would listen to anybody preach, I would have gone to Hell if God hadn't let me get in jail. Thank God I got in jail!" Her sorrow, her shame, her trouble led her to the Saviour. And you may be sure that that is exactly what the Saviour intended it to do.

What we call "accidents" are often no accidents at all but the well planned details of God in dealing with the hearts of sinners. In 1930 at Wichita Falls, I picked up four young people after an automobile wreck, and carried them home. I never saw more penitence, more confession of sin, more sincere turning to the Lord than was evident in the case of those young people that midnight hour. They recognized the hand of God in the accident.

In a revival in a country church in north Texas, one night I spoke to a fourteen year old boy about his soul. I found that in that country community he had been well taught concerning the plan of salvation. He had considered the question carefully and intended some day to be saved. "But not now," he said. To all my urging he turned a deaf ear. A night or two later he came in scratched and limping, to the service. When I inquired what was wrong he told me how the gray horse had fallen with him as he brought the cows from the pasture. Still he would not listen to God's invitation. Two nights later he came in with one eye bandaged and the other black and blue and puffed nearly shut, and with other evidences of a serious tumble. "That horse fell with me again," he said. And I replied, "If that horse falls with you a third time, I am afraid that you will never get up alive. God is speaking to you and you had better hear." He answered back quickly, "I knew that the moment I hit the ground and before I got to my feet." That night he trusted the Lord, and, I believe, very sincerely.

There are those who know little of God's dealings, and little about His Word, who insist that God has nothing to do with the death of our loved ones. I have heard the shocking and blasphemous statement, that it would be a cruel and unjust God who would take home to Heaven a little baby in order to call a mother or father to repent and be saved. Such talk is not only wicked; it is silly. For a little baby, safe in the arms of Jesus, to be taken home to Heaven, where it will never sin, where there will never be sorrows or disease or death—that is no cruelty but an infinite blessing. I believe that but for the great mercy of God toward us who remain, He would take all the little ones that way, and I know that God does call through the home-going of our loved ones.

At Shamrock, Texas, a good many years ago, I was called to the phone one afternoon and a man's voice said, "Brother Rice, would you meet us out at the cemetery at 3:00 o'clock to conduct a funeral service?" I replied that I would, and then he spoke again haltingly as if ashamed and said, "But I want you to know that we don't have any money. We can't pay you anything. I don't

know whether you would be willing to come or not." I replied that of course I made no charges for funerals, and that I would be glad to come and be whatever comfort I could if they preferred to have the service at the cemetery instead of at the church. "But you don't understand, I'm afraid," he said. "This is just a new-born baby. He never breathed. I didn't know whether you'd be willing to come away out to the cemetery to have a service for one like that." I insisted that it would be a joy to come and that I hoped God would help me to comfort the loved ones, and so I went to the funeral.

In the back of a model T Ford car sat two men and on their knees was a little white coffin, very simply and plainly made. There was no undertaker, no hearse, nothing but the little casket and the still form inside, and some home-grown roses and honeysuckle, and a few good neighbors. I preached there to that little group on the words of David, when his baby died, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (II Sam. 12:23). Then they let down the little coffin and covered the grave. With spades they rounded up the little mound, and on it put the rose and honeysuckle which the neighbors brought. I stood by while these same neighbors in the good kindly way came by to shake the hand of the father and say to him, "I sympathize with you," or "I certainly am sorry for you in this trouble." When they were all gone and only the father and I were left by the mound, he in his faded and patched overalls, I said to him, "Are you a Christian?" "No, I'm not," he said. "I have known I ought to be but I never have been saved."

"Then perhaps God is calling you through this home-going of your baby," I said. He wept and said, "Brother Rice, the doctor said he was perfect, he just didn't breathe. I couldn't understand why, I could not understand why. But maybe God is calling me. That is what my wife said this morning." With many tears he told me how he had long been away from God and how his dear wife, still sick in bed, had begged him to be saved. There beside that little ridge of fresh rounded dirt we prayed together and he cried out to God for mercy and got peace in his heart. He told me that he would go back home and tell his wife that now he had heard the call of God and would go with her toward Heaven, trusting in the Saviour. Certainly, certainly God called the father through his child. I have known of many such cases. I am told that in the Oriental countries sometimes a shepherd has trouble getting sheep to cross a brook. They do not like the water. Sometimes they cannot be driven across and the shepherd picks up a lamb and wades across. The blating mother frantically runs up and down the brook side, and then plunges across to be with her lamb. I think God is wiser even than a shepherd. And sometimes when we will not fix our eyes on Heaven, nor think of eternal things at all, God takes the thing that is dearest and most precious to us, and then with the baby gone, we can take time to think about God and seek the forgiveness of sin and peace in our heart!

Preachers and Christian workers and all who want to carry the message of Jesus Christ to sinners, should specially be careful and ready to give a loving testimony to those in trouble. I preach many, many times in jails. I speak plainly and frankly about sin and the wages of sin. And I find that tender, earnest, plain sharp Bible preaching has its best results among those who are suffering.

Wherever there are broken hearts, there God is speaking to sinners. Wherever men pine away behind the bars, atoning as best they can for their crimes, there speaks the Voice of God.

Every woman who goes about her work with a sad heart, wondering if she will ever see her little baby again, is hearing, whether she hears it or not, the voice of God. When the men folks are gone and the dishes are done she opens a dresser drawer and takes out a little knitted bootie perhaps, or a tiny scuffed shoe and weeps over it. Or from an old book she takes out a little lock of blond hair, tied with baby ribbon, and remembers just how the little fellow's curls

hung about his face. She sees the blue eyes again and says over to herself the bright sayings that were so precious to her mother-heart. Or she looks at a baby picture and some way her arms are so empty and her heart is so heavy and she feels like she can hardly go on. "My life is so empty. It was all filled with her. How can life ever be worth living again?" said such a young mother to me after she had buried her crippled daughter who had never been well. And you may be sure that I told her that Jesus Christ wanted to fill all her heart with Himself and give her a peace she had never known! At funerals I always give people a chance to indicate that they want prayer or want help about their souls. In dozens of cases people have trusted Christ at such funerals and some of them have given convincing evidence of a real and genuine change of heart. Wherever sorrow is, there is Jesus Christ. Wherever tears flow, there God is speaking! Wherever people have broken hearts, there we should sow the seed for "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (Psa. 51:17).

Some of you who read this have your sorrows. I well remember a man who came into the tabernacle in Dallas one Sunday night with a despondent face. I had announced in the papers I would preach on *Broken Hearts and Broken Homes—The Call of God*. He saw the subject and came. After a little tender probing in private conversation he told me this story. "I am leaving my wife. She has been an invalid for years. I spent all my money on her. I never looked at another woman. I spent no money for clothes. I gave her everything she asked for. I loved her so I put up with everything that she did. She scolded me, nagged me and quarreled but I excused her because she was sick. Finally she got to where she would slap my face and pull my hair and scream, but I never lifted a hand against her. Yesterday I gave it all up. I don't hate her, I don't wish her any ill, I just don't want to ever see her again!" I never saw such despair written on a man's face as was on his. But little by little his heart seemed to open to the truth and I told him that all the troubled and weary in heart should come to Jesus and find rest. I told him that the Master had come and called for him in this sorrow. To hear that anybody loved him seemed to him too good to be true, and finally the doors of his sad heart opened and he, by faith, let the Lord Jesus come in. Then he led me to his fourteen year old son and together we told the boy about the Saviour who loves all the broken-hearted and who seeks those who are in trouble and woos them and takes them to His bosom!

Only this morning a young man came to our services whose burdens have grown heavier and heavier until he felt that he must have some one to bear them with him, so he came to seek the Lord Jesus and found Him.

Sinner, the Master is come and calleth for thee. If you will listen you can hear the voice of God

in your sorrow. Mary arose quickly and came to Him and that is what you ought to do. If you will come to Jesus in your sorrow you can learn what He meant when He said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

All around you is the call of God. Read His Word and you will find again and again He says, "Come." Listen to the pleading of your mother, your wife, your friend. Hear the preacher who brings you God's message. Read the tract that is handed to you. Listen to the pleading invitation of every gospel song for God calls through His people.

The bounty of God is poured out upon you and every good and perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights. This only means that "the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance" (Rom. 2:4). While you have health, a job, loved ones about you, seek the Lord for all these things are the wooings of a loving Saviour.

And if you have lost your job, then it is time to seek the Lord. If disease has smitten your body, God means it for good. Seek Him while you can and be saved. If some friend has failed you God only means for you to turn to the Friend that never fails, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. If you have fallen into the trap of your own desires and if you are beginning to reap the wages of sin, then God means but that to show you that you need a Saviour, a hiding place, a refuge from the storm. Seek the Lord today! If the dearest thing on earth has been taken away from you then God means to give you something sweeter and better yet, the loving assurance of salvation and eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Mary came when Jesus called her. The Master has come and calls for you, too. Will you (CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

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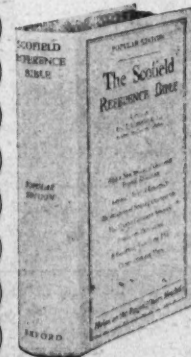
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THE SWORD BOOK ROOM

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DALLAS, TEXAS

THE STREAM IN THE DESERT

BY REV. JOE B. RICE

"And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of sin, after their journeys, according to the commandment of the Lord, and pitched in Rephidim; and there was no water for the people to drink.

"2. Wherefore the people did chide with Moses, and said, Give us water that we may drink. And Moses said unto them, Why chide ye with me? wherefore do ye tempt the Lord?

"3. And the people thirsted there for water; and the people murmured against Moses, and said, Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?

"4. And Moses cried unto the Lord, saying, what shall I do unto this people? they be almost ready to stone me.

"5. And the Lord said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go.

"6. Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of

Israel" (Exodus 17:1-6).

Such was the case of the children of Israel. They had left Egypt behind with its bondage and burdens and fears. They had killed the passover lamb. They had crossed the Red Sea. Now the wilderness was before them. Out yonder somewhere beyond this wilderness, this desert of Sin, lay the land of Canaan, the land where Abraham had stood and God had said unto him, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever." That was the land where Isaac had been born. Yes, and Jacob also. Somewhere out there was Mount Moriah, the mount that Abraham had climbed together with the lad Isaac, to present him as a sacrifice to God as He had commanded. You will remember the wondrous story how that God Himself had provided a lamb for the offering as Abraham had said, and you remember how the lamb took the place of the boy Isaac. This is a blessed, blessed picture of God giving His own dear Son to take our place and to bear our sins. This land, I say, was ahead of them, but before they reach it they must cross this wilderness, this desert of Sin.

I wonder what the word "desert" brings to your mind? Would not the simplest explanation of a desert be a land with insufficient water? But perhaps you would say, "How shall the account of their wanderings profit us?" If we turn to the New Testament, in First Corinthians 10:6 we find:

"Now these things were our examples, to the intent we should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted." And verse 11 says:

"Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition, upon whom

the ends of the world are come."

But why should we need instructions in crossing a desert? Read again verse 4 of this same 10th chapter of First Corinthians:

"And did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ."

And here we find that the Rock smitten in the wilderness pictured the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, being smitten that we might have the water of life. We, too, are crossing a desert. That passover lamb surely is a picture of our Saviour for so we are told in First Corinthians 5:7. Their leaving the land of Egypt and their passage through the Red Sea pictured the new birth that comes to each of us as we accept Christ as our Saviour. Out yonder somewhere before us is the land that God has promised to those who accept His Son. Out yonder those dear to us who have gone on before await our coming. Somewhere beyond this wilderness of sin are the mansions the Lord Jesus has promised to prepare. Yea, and best of all, in that blessed land we will see the face of Him who died for us. So then you see we are crossing a desert.

After all, a desert is only a desert because of lack of water.

A few years ago I saw a portion of the desert in Arizona. For miles and miles it seemed there was no vegetation with the exception of the giant cacti and here and there a little dry grass. Thousands and thousands of acres of waste land; land where there were no homes, no happy families, no joy, no mirth. Just a few miles behind was a valley with its large lettuce fields, its beautiful citrus groves, the fields white with cotton, often producing two to three bales to the acre. What was the difference between this land and the desert before me? There was no apparent difference in the soil. The chief difference was in the fact that in the valley men had irrigated, water had been brought in. What a transformation had taken place when men had found a way to bring water to this thirsty land. Beloved, this transformation is as nothing when compared to the transformation that has taken place in many a life which before was barren, as barren and waste and useless as the thousands of unclaimed acres of desert land, as full of sorrows and cares as the desert was full of thorns. But when the water, the water that only the Saviour can give, was applied to these lives they have bloomed to bless thousands and to make the world glad with their fragrance.

Several years ago when I was riding with my father over the plains of Texas I suddenly saw what appeared to be a great body of pure water in the road before us and on either side of the road. In amazement I turned to my father and asked how we could ever get beyond that lake that appeared to be right in the very middle of the road. I thought surely there must have been a cloudburst, a sudden downpour, somewhere above us. As we drew nearer the

water gradually disappeared, and when we had reached the spot, I found the land to be as dry as that around it. I had been deceived by what is commonly called a mirage. I am told that many a time in the desert, men, half-crazed with thirst, see before them what appears to be a beautiful body of clear water. They spend their strength chasing the mirages only to find they have been cruelly deceived. Each time as one mirage vanishes there is another before them, and on and on they go from one deception to another until their strength is spent and their sad story is told by the bones left on the desert sands. How like the deceptions of Satan with his promises of peace and contentment, but each time the pursuer finds he has been cruelly deceived, and yet there is eternally ahead of him what appears to be the thing his soul thirsts for. Multiplied thousands of men in this nation of ours have gone here and there seeking for something that will bring satisfaction. They have tried the pleasures of sin one after another but only in vain do they seek for peace from this source. They have gone from one job to another, from one section of the country to another, and have turned this way and that, following every deceptive mirage. Soon life will be gone and eternity will begin for them in a devil's Hell unless they turn to the one true source of life, the Rock smitten for us. I would God we could learn the lesson that everything that is worth while must come from the hands of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Our fathers used to sing:

How tedious and tasteless the hours

When Jesus no longer I see!

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me.

The midsummer sun shines but dim;

The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am happy in Him,

December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,

And sweeter than music His voice;

His presence dispenses my gloom,

And makes all within me rejoice.

I should, were He always thus nigh,

Have nothing to wish or to fear;

No mortal so happy as I;

My summer would last all the year.

Do you remember the words of the Lord Jesus in Mark 8:34 and 35:

"And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

Only he who is willing "to lose" his life, give it to the Lord Jesus, ever finds the peace that is the heart's dearest treasure.

Sometime ago as I rode with a friend of mine past a school where the children were playing on the school grounds, he said to me, "They are having now the best years of their lives and don't know it." I answered back, "That might have been true in your case, but not in mine. The happiest years of my life have been the years that I have tried to give to the Saviour." Happiness never comes from the things of this world.

The water in the wilderness came not by their own efforts but God in His mercy gave the water after Moses had smitten the rock in accord with the plan of God. This must have been a joyous event, that day in the desert when the water came forth of the rock, when that thirsty multitude had water enough and to spare, but not as joyous as the event that it foreshadowed, that day when "our Rock" hung on Calvary's cross to give life to a dying world. Thirsty soul, this is the Water that satisfies. In John 4:14 we have the words of the Saviour:

"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

In Isaiah 55:1 and 2 we have

Sunday School Officers and Teachers Elected For 1939

Assistant pastor Joe B. Rice is directly in charge of the educational work of the Fundamental Baptist Church in Dallas. Pastor John R. Rice will continue to teach his large mixed class of adults and will continue to have general oversight of all the work of the church as pastor. The following officers and teachers in the Sunday School were elected unanimously Sunday morning, January 29th:

Young People's Department

Superintendent, Mr. J. W. Nicholas
Secretary, Miss Beth Pat Murphy
Teachers: Mr. E. E. Widner, Mrs. John R. Rice, and Miss Viola Walden

Intermediate Department

Superintendent, Mr. H. D. Stark
Secretary, Miss Myrtle Cherry
Program Committee: Miss Ruth Matthews

Teachers: Mr. C. E. McCollum, Mr. C. D. Wilkins, Miss Larue Rodgers, Mr. Noah Dyson, Mrs. C. A. Coppinger, Mr. M. O. Satterfield, Mrs. W. O. Swiger, Mr. C. A. Coppinger, Miss Madeline Porterfield, Mr. Paul Turner.

Assistant Teachers: Mr. W. O. Swiger, Mrs. Paul Turner, Mr. J. C. Willis

Junior Department

Superintendent, Mr. W. D. Carpenter

Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Sam Ray

Secretary, Miss Myrtle Matthews

Assistant Secretary, Miss Erlene Coleman

Teachers: Mr. Ray Taylor, Mrs. L. F. Hart, Miss Grace Rice, Mr. F. E. Garrison, Mr. Walter Williams, Mrs. M. L. Hughes, Mrs. E. McCollum, Mr. Homer Cherry, Mrs. Gladys Cumble, Mrs. W. M. Harding, Mr. Herman Greer, Mrs. W. M. Taylor, Mrs. N. M. McBeth

Assistant Teacher, Mrs. W. D. Carpenter

Primary Department

Superintendent, Miss Lola Mae Bradshaw

Secretary, Miss Emma Sue Houpt

Teachers: Mrs. J. C. Adams, Miss Annie Lockhart, Mrs. J. C. Willis, Mrs. Clyde Walker, Miss Irene McManus, Mrs. J. Herman Greer, Mrs. T. E. Houpt

Assistant Teachers: Mrs. R. L. Green, Mrs. J. H. Lambert

Beginner's Department

Superintendent, Miss Eula Lee

Secretary, Mrs. J. C. Cherry

Teachers: Mrs. Elizabeth Kelley, Mrs. Earl Mitchell, Mrs. M. G. Hilton, Mrs. Aleene Hughes, Mrs. J. C. Whittier

Assistant Teacher: Mrs. Anna Ball

Cradle Roll Department

Superintendent, Miss Eula Lee

Secretary, Mrs. B. Kendrick

Teacher, Mrs. J. B. King

Helpers: Mrs. T. H. Hickman, Mrs. W. G. Bass

the blessed invitation: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

Beloved, that means you. Why follow the deceptive allurements of Satan longer when the Lord Jesus freely offers all that you need? Oh, the pleadings and invitations of God.

In Revelation 22:17 we read again:

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Won't you accept His blessed invitation today?

—o—

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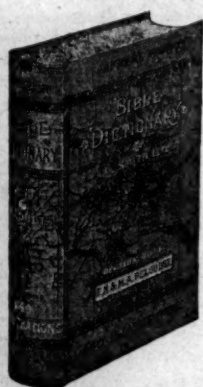
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

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A Christmas Gift In Prison

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

ma is dead. Please, can't you let me see my papa? Today is Christmas, and I want to give him a present.

"No," I replied gruffly, 'you will have to wait until visitors' day,' and started on. I had not gone many steps when I felt a pull at my coat, and a pleading voice said, 'Please, don't go.' I stopped once more, and looked into the pinched, beseeching face before me. Great tears were in her eyes, while her little chin quivered with emotion.

"Mister," she said, 'if your little girl was me, and your little girl's mamma had died in the poorhouse, an' her papa was in the prison, an' she had no place to go an' no one to love her, don't you think she would like to see her papa? If it was Christmas, and your little girl came to see me, if I was governor of the prison, an' ask me to please let her see her papa to give him a Christmas present, don't you—don't you think I would say yes?'

"By this time a great lump was in my throat, and my eyes were swimming in tears. 'I answered, 'Yes, my little girl, I think you would, and you shall see your papa,' and taking her hand, I hurried back to the prison, thinking of my own fair-haired little girl at home. Arriving in my office, I bade her come near the warm stove, while I sent a guard to bring No. 37 from his cell. As soon as he came into the office and saw the little girl, his face clouded with an angry frown, and in a gruff, savage tone he snapped out:

"Nellie, what are you doing here; what do you want? Go back to your mother."

"Please, papa," sobbed the little girl, 'mamma's dead. She died two weeks ago in the poorhouse, an' before she died she told me to take care of little Jimmie, 'cause you loved him so; an' told me to tell you she loved you too—but papa,'—and her voice broke in sobs and tears—'Jimmie died, too, last week, and now I am alone, papa, an' today's Christmas, papa, an'—and I thought maybe as you loved Jimmie, you would like a little Christmas present from him.'

"Here she unrolled the little bundle she held in her hand, until she came to a little package of tissue paper, from which she took out a little fair curl, and put it in her father's hand, saying as she did so: 'I cut it from dear little Jimmie's head, papa, just afore they buried him.'

"No. 37 by this time was sobbing like a child, and so was I. Stooping down, 37 picked up the little girl, pressed her convulsively to his breast, while his great frame shook with suppressed emotion.

"The scene was too sacred for me too look upon, so I softly opened the door and left them alone. In about an hour I returned. No. 37 sat near the stove, with his little daughter on his knee. He looked at me sheepishly for a moment, and then said, 'Governor, I haven't any money.' Then, suddenly stripping off his prison jacket, he said, 'For God's sake don't let my little girl go out this bitter cold day with that thin dress. Let me give her this coat. I'll work early and late; I'll do anything. I'll be a man. Please, Governor, let me cover her with this coat.' Tears were streaming down the face of the hardened man.

"No, Galson," I said, "keep your coat; your little girl shall not suffer. I'll take her to my home and see what my wife can do for her." 'God bless you,' sobbed Galson. I took the girl to my home. She remained with us a number of years, and became a true Christian by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. God's Book shows a man's need and God's remedy (Romans 3:9-24; John 3:1-16).

"Tom Galson also became a Christian, and then he gave us no more trouble." (Luke 8:35). 'A year ago, concluded the speaker, 'when I visited the prison again, the governor said to me, 'Kain, would you like to see Tom Galson, whose story I told you a few years ago?'

"Yes, I would," I answered. The governor took me down a quiet street, and stopping at a neat home, knocked at the door. The door was opened by a cheerful young woman, who greeted the

governor with the utmost cordiality.

We went in, and then the governor introduced me to Nellie and her father, who, because of his reformation, had received pardon, and was now living an upright Christian life with his daughter, whose little Christmas gift had broken his hard heart. "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 4:5; 5:6). —Selected.

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